# Hopelessly Addicted

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5952907.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationships: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham |
| Additional Tags: | Oral Sex |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 16 of Season One-Inspired Hannigram: One-Shots |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-02-08 Words: 927 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Hopelessly Addicted

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

The big snowstorm has prevented Hannibal from getting his Will fix, so he shows up at the academy.

Notes

A little companion drabble to the Insatiable Will series.

“Did anyone see you when you came in?” Will asked, nervous but excited.

“Yes, but no one I am acquainted with. Certainly not Jack,” Hannibal replied.

“I mean, it’s not like it’s that out of the ordinary that you would come to the academy to talk to me, but I don’t have any specific excuse to give why you would show up today.”

Hannibal smiled, as he backed Will up to the edge of his desk. “I’m sure you could think of something on your feet, so to speak.”

He kissed Will, sucking gently on his bottom lip before sweeping his tongue against Will’s. He moaned into Hannibal’s mouth as he felt the strong yet dexterous hands unbuckling his belt.

Hannibal broke the kiss, and leaned his head back to fully take in Will’s now flushed cheeks.

With a slightly pouty tone, Hannibal said, “I missed you this weekend.”

Will laughed softly. “If there hadn’t been three feet of snow in my way, you know I would’ve come. They only just plowed me out this morning. Classes were canceled for two days. This is the first time I’ve gone anywhere since last Thursday. I nearly ran out of food.”

“The complications of nature,” Hannibal mused, “how they thwart our best laid plans.”

“You couldn’t wait until next weekend?” Will chided, as Hannibal began to kiss his neck.

“You know I could not, Will. I am quite hopelessly addicted to the taste of you.”

Hannibal savored the shiver that he could feel course through Will’s body at his words, as he held him close. He reached down to stroke Will’s hardening length through his pants.

“You’re becoming aroused,” he said to Will. “What’s to be done about that?”

“Don’t tease, Hannibal. You know you’re responsible. Now, are you going to do something about it, or just take up my office hour with conversation about the weather?”

Hannibal enjoyed it immensely when Will was so direct. There was no need to wait any longer; Hannibal stepped back, and removed his jacket and tie. He unbuttoned his collar, and then his shirt cuffs. Will’s eyes played over his forearms as he rolled up his sleeves.

Fortunately for Hannibal, Will’s office was carpeted, so he was able to sink to his knees without fear of damaging his trousers.

Before finishing the job of opening Will’s pants, he mouthed along the hard line of his cock through the fabric; Hannibal pushed the clothing down just enough to expose Will. He started by using the flat of his tongue over the base of Will’s cock, then down to his balls. He sucked

them gently, knowing it would provoke a desperate gasp. Will would want more; Hannibal knew how to make him fall deep into the urgency of his need.

Up to the base again, and Hannibal began to lick at the vein that traversed the underside of Will's length. He enjoyed feeling the twitch and movement of Will's cock that such careful treatment caused. Will was beginning to move his hips to get more contact, but Hannibal kept only the tip of his tongue applied to the flesh, until he got agonizingly, incrementally, to the ridge of Will's cockhead.

There, he licked carefully under the head, around its circumference. Will became even harder, impossibly thickening under Hannibal's lips. He looked up at Will, and their eyes met.

"You're going slower than usual," Will said, voice deep and quiet.

Hannibal smiled as he kept tonguing gently. "You are well aware I am trying to provoke a reaction."

This was a familiar game for them, a test of time and patience. But Will was close to giving in.

Hannibal finally swept his tongue over the head of Will's cock, who moaned and growled deep in his chest. He wound his fingers through Hannibal's hair, who looked up at Will through half-lidded eyes. This is what he had been waiting for.

Hannibal parted his lips, and let Will push his length all the way inside, pressing hard against the back of Hannibal's throat. He began to fuck his mouth, slowly at first, then fast and desperate. Hannibal endured it, knowing the moments he could take a breath would be few. After several minutes of this, Hannibal grasped Will's hips, and prevented him from going too fast. He didn't want this to end as quickly as Will would want.

"Why are you stopping me? I know what you came here for," Will whispered in a heavy voice.

Instead of answering, Hannibal moved his hands away, and let Will use his mouth as he pleased once again. His thrusts became erratic, and Hannibal steadied himself by holding Will's thighs. Will drove into the wet heat of his mouth, hands on the back of Hannibal's head, putting his hair askew. Hannibal hummed, pleased, around his cock as he began to cum. He needed to taste Will, had been thinking about little else since the last time they had been together. He savored the experience, drinking him in, sucking Will well past the point of oversensitivity.

Finally he permitted Will to pull out. Hannibal sat back and admired Will's appearance - breathing hard, cock slick and flushed.

When Will finally caught his breath, Hannibal got back up to his feet. Will took him by the waist, pulling him in for a deep kiss, tasting himself on Hannibal's lips. Will could feel how hard he was in his trousers, and briefly felt bad for not being able to do anything about it. Yet, he knew Hannibal was truly satisfied - for the moment.

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